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H. V. MORTIMER, Publisher.

The Carbon Advocate.

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper. Published every SATURDAY, in Lehightown, Carbon County, Pa. BY HARRY V. MORTIMER, H. OFFICE—PA. ST. N. E. CORNER OF THE LEHIGH VALLEY R. R. DEPOT. Terms: \$1.00 per Annum in Advance. BEST DESCRIPTIONS OF PLANS AND PAPERS.

Job Printing

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XI., No. 1.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25

CARDS.

Attorneys.

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

Physicians and Dentists.

W. A. DEHNER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Lehightown, Pa. April 3, 1875.

N. B. REBER, M. D.

U. S. Examining Surgeon,
FRACATING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office: Bank Street, Lehightown, Pa. 1875.

W. A. Coxright, D.D.S.,

OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best method of treatment in all surgical cases. NITROUS-OXIDE administered if desired. If necessary, patients reading outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail.

THOMAS KEMMER, CONVEYANCER,

AND GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEHIGH VALLEY MUTUAL FIRE, WASHINGTON FIRE, POTTSVILLE FIRE, LEHIGH VALLEY LIFE & TRAVEL, KILMER ACCIDENT INSURANCE. Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Home Fire and Marine and Insurance Companies.
March 20, 1872. THOMAS KEMMER.

CARBON HOUSE,

J. W. BAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
The Carbon House offers first-class accommodations to the traveling public. Boarding by the day or week on reasonable terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors always on hand. Good Beds and Mattresses. April 10-17.

PACKERTON HOTEL,

Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehightown.
LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR,
Packerton, Penn'a.

DAVID EBERT'S

Livery & Sale Stables
This well known hotel is admirably fitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient guests. Rooms are clean and comfortable, and the very best liquors. Also new stables attached. Sept. 18-71.

Repairing

done in the best manner, at very moderate charges. Patronage invited. Sept 27

Central Carriage Works,

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
FAST TROTTING HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES.
And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.
Large and handsome Carriages for Funerals and Weddings. DAVID EBERT.
Nov. 25, 1871.

J. W. BAUDENBUSH

Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in connection with his hotel, and is prepared to furnish Teams for

PENSIONS

for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children of honor made happy. For \$10 apply here. Widows, re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. Bounty and Back Pay and Discharge secured. Deceased entitled to all dues under new laws. PAROLE or Inventors, Lead Wharves, PATENT procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD OF GOLD" (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions. A. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Patent, Patent and Land Attys., Washington, D.C. (31-92)

KNABE

PIANO-FORTES,
Warranted in accordance with the Knabe system of construction.
Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.
W. W. KNABE & CO., Piano Manufacturers,
310 N. 3rd Street, New York.

Life and Fire!

\$10 to \$20,000
In legitimate judicious speculation in Grain, Fertilizers and other profitable commodities, yields monthly profits in large and small amounts. Address for full particulars, R. K. KRYAN, 44 Broadway, New York, or 117 & 119 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Railroad Guide.

Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.
NOVEMBER, 18th, 1882.
Trains Leave Allentown as follows:
(Via PERKINSON RAILROAD.)
For Philadelphia at 7:00, 6:45, 11:40 a. m., and 12:10 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Philadelphia at 7:00 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.
(Via EAST PINK BRANCH.)
For Reading and Harrisburg, 6:00, 8:40 a. m., 12:15, 4:30, and 6:00 p. m.
For Pottsville and Columbia, 6:00, 8:40 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Harrisburg, and waypoints, 9:00 p. m.
Trains for Allentown leave as follows:
(Via PERKINSON RAILROAD.)
Leave Philadelphia, 7:40 a. m. and 1:00, 1:30, and 8:15 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Philadelphia, 8:00 a. m., 2:15, and 4:20 p. m.
(Via EAST PINK BRANCH.)
Leave Reading, 7:30, 10:15 a. m., 2:00, 3:45, and 4:15 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 a. m., 1:45 and 4:00 p. m.
Leave Lancaster, 12:30 a. m., 1:00 and 13:40 p. m.
Leave Columbia, 7:30 a. m., 1:10 and 3:40 p. m.
(Via KING STREET DEPOT.)
SUNDAYS.
Leave Reading, 7:20 a. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 6:20 a. m.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

The great superiority of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP over all other cough remedies is attested by the immense popularity of that old established remedy.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of congestive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 cents.

With Medicine Quality not Quantity is the greatest importance; next is the Knowledge and Experience to Correctly Prepare and Dispense the same



At A. J. DURLING'S

POPULAR
Drug & Family Medicine Store,
Bank Street Lehightown,
You can always rely upon getting STRAIGHTLY Pure and Unadulterated

DURLING carries the largest stock PATENT MEDICINES in the county. DURLING has an elegant stock of DRUGS, GELS, STUPLIS, FANCY and TRU-LET ARTICLES for the ladies as well as the gentlemen.
DURLING makes HORSE and CATTLE POWERS a specialty. His 25 years experience in the drug business gives him a great advantage in that line.
FRUITS, SUPPORTERS and BRACES—Always a large stock on hand.
WINE and LIQUORS, both foreign and domestic. He has a Choice Grapes Wine and a Try Cawawa Wine. Just splendid and cheap.

WALL PAPERS and BORDERS—the largest assortment in town. We carry a full stock of DURLING'S with your prescriptions. Go to DURLING'S for your Patent Medicines.
Go to DURLING'S for your fancy articles. Farmers and householders go to DURLING'S for your House and Cattle Powders. aug. 6-71.

AGENTS wanted to sell Edition's Manual Instantaneous Piano and Organ Music. See close terms for catalogue and terms. EDISON MUSIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Oct. 25-71.

KIDNEY WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTITUTION.
This medicine is a very safe and reliable remedy for all cases of kidney disease, whether accompanied by catarrh, gravel, or any other complication. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and its use does not excite the system, but gently and permanently cures the disease, thus restoring to the patient all the vitality and vigor which he has lost. PRICE 50 CENTS. USE DRUGGISTS BOTTLES.

KIDNEY WORT
Many Kansas farmers were in sore trouble. Bessie's father among the number. The terrible drought of the summer had cut off most of his crops. There was little harvesting to be done. The grass, which he relied on for winter feed, had withered up in midsummer, and his little herd for cattle. Provisions were exorbitantly high, and money scarce.
Mr. Lane lost all courage, and gloomily brooded over impending struggles. In vain his wife throated back her own fears, strove to cheer him. He could see no hope in the future.
Bessie and her mother sat late by the kitchen fire that night, after the rest of the family were in bed, consulting together.
"I want everything pleasant for Susan," said Mrs. Lane, when at length she told Bessie they must both go to bed. "She hasn't been here for eight years, and I don't want her to find us unhappy."
"No, indeed!" said Bessie. "Isn't it good that we have got into our new house? I am so glad father began to build it last year. To be sure it is not all finished, but it is clean and comfortable."
"And if we can only make your father feel more hopeful, we shall all be happier," said Mrs. Lane.
"What was it about the flour this morning?" she asked, after a pause.
"We have only a little flour. You know father has only a few bushels of wheat, and I don't know when he will get that ground. We must have flour when Susan is here, so we must be sparing of it now."
"Had anybody peeped into Bessie's room long after midnight, they would have seen by the moonlight a very wide-awake girl. Bessie was thinking how she could make money!"
"Here's a letter for you, Mary," said Mr. Lane, several days afterward, as he came in to dinner. "Farmer Ray brought it when he came to see about Brindle."
"But he's not going to take her now," shouted Bessie: "he's going to send a load of hay, and he and I are going to work for him Saturday!"
There was a general shout of delight for it had come to be known among the children that the cow must be sold for lack of hay.
"That is good news indeed," said Mrs. Lane, as she dropped into a chair as if to realize it more fully. "Is it really so, John?" turning to her husband.
"Yes, really so. Mr. Ray is very kind."

VALENTINE SCHWARTZ
Respectfully announces to the people of Lehightown and its vicinity, that he is now prepared to supply them with all kinds of Household Furniture
Manufactured from the best Seasoned Materials at Prices fully as low as the same article could be bought for elsewhere. Here are a few of the inducements offered:
Parlor Sets from \$50 to \$500
Wardrobe Dressing Cases, \$20 to \$50
Bedroom Suits, 3 pieces, \$40 to \$60
Patent Bedstead Suits, 3 pieces, \$25 to \$30
Common chairs, per set of 6, \$10
and all other Goods equally cheap.
In this connection, I desire to call the attention of the people to my simple Gettles in

Hats, Caps, Ac., &c.,
All of which he is selling at VERY LOW CASH PRICES.
An inspection invited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

THE UNDERTAKING BUSINESS
with a NEW and HANDSOME HEARSE, and a full line of CASKETS and SHREFFERS. I am prepared to attend promptly to all orders in this line at lowest prices.
Patrons respectfully advised and the most ample satisfaction guaranteed.

V. SCHWARTZ,
1012 BANK ST., LEHIGHTON.

Wanted, Salesmen,
To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Unexcused, healthy, No experience required. Salary and expenses paid. 500 acres of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, etc. W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N.Y.

LAUS DEO;

A THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

BY MADE J. HENDALL.
Another year Thy loving hand
With plenty straws our favor'd loaf;
Another year our hearts would lead
A grateful memory of Thy care.
We thank Thee that Thy blessed breath
Hath saved our homes from plague and death;
Famine and war have passed our shores,
And Peace and Love sit by our doors.
Our barns their golden treasures hold,
And increase crowds the fowls fold;
Our steady ships, on every sea,
Proclaim our country grand and free.
Our precious mines profusely yield
The wealth that fits for ages' need;
The busy hand and loom's mill
Our marks with costly fabrics fill.
With ruddy fruit our orchards shine,
And vineyards flow with luscious wine;
Our countless herds that safely graze,
Fecund the soil to further prize;
But louder yet shall be our song
For triumphs gained by Right o'er Wrong!
—Philomathean Review.

THAT BLESSED BARREL!

A Suggestion for Thanksgiving.

"Bessie! Bessie!" called Mrs. Lane from the foot of the rough, unpolished stairway.
"Yes, mother, I am just coming," replied a cheerful voice from a room above.
Now Bessie was usually up betimes to help get breakfast and to dress the baby. But when a girl of 13 walks five miles, carrying a pretty big basket of eggs, in one day, she naturally feels like sleeping an extra half hour next morning.
"What is it, mother, dear?" Bessie asked, as she hastened into the kitchen on coming down stairs. "Anything the matter?"
For her mother was standing by the pantry door with a painful expression on her face.
"When did Aunt Susan say she should be here?" asked Mrs. Lane, looking at Bessie, still making no movement toward the kitchen table, where the bread-tray and the bread-board stood ready for use.
Bessie wondered what in the world her mother could be thinking about. "Do you mean in the letter that came Saturday night?" she asked. "I think Aunt Susan said she hoped to see us about the 20th of October."
"And now it is—Bessie, what day of the month is it?"
"The 5th, mother, I am sure, because Farmer Ray —"
"Then we must have corn bread for breakfast, not biscuit," said Mrs. Lane, and she ran quickly into the pantry, emptied the flour bag into the half-filled bucket, and presently brought out some yellow corn meal.
Bessie Lane was more mature than most girls of thirteen. Her home surroundings had made her thoughtful before her years. She was but a baby when her parents settled on the rough land in Western Kansas, and now there were five children younger; wild, mischievous little Brindle, gentle Amy, Edwin, a sober little man of seven, Willie only four, and Baby Sue, the pet of the family.
There was great lamentation when the short visit came to an end, for it was very short. The good land had no great supply of money herself, but as she had her sister good-bye, she slipped something into her hand, saying, "In case any of you are sick, Mary, and she whispered to Bessie: "Keep up good courage; I shall not forget you."
One evening the news reached the little farm-house, of the day appointed for Thanksgiving. In years past this announcement always brought visions of turkey, plum-pudding, pies, and a host of good things. But now the children seemed to think Thanksgiving would not amount to much.
"Can't see as we've much to be thankful for," exclaimed impulsive Bert, "racket and trousers patched all over, floor's gone, no turkeys, and we haven't a chicken to spare, and Garfield's dead! What can we do Thanksgiving?"
"We've got the cows," said Edwin, gravely. "Some people have 'em at cows."
"And lay them out," said Amy.
"And we have our new house," added Edwin.
"And pussy," said little Willie, not knowing exactly what they were talking about, but thinking he must say something.
"This made them all laugh.
"We have each other, dear children," said Mrs. Lane, who had overheard the conversation; "have you thought of that?"
"And Aunt Susan," put in Bessie; "I'm sure we're thankful for her visit."
There came no more complaints, yet the days dragged heavily along, and the strict economy became imperative. Everything looked very dark, but the mother did not lose her trust in God. She believed that in some way He would take care of them.
One cold November evening a couple of days before Thanksgiving, the little household was startled by a thundering knock at the door. There was a sudden hush among the little ones, who were having their last rifle before going to bed. Mr. Lane opened the door.
"If your name's Lane, I guess I've got something for you," said a rough looking man. "Lead a load, will you?"
And presently, with much rattle and rapping, a big barrel was rolled on the kitchen floor, amid the astonished stares of a dozen eyes.
"It came by express," said the burly teamster, but may be you'd had to wait for it a while, only for Farmer Ray. I'm 'twor' at Farmer Ray's." And warding off the hearty thanks that followed by repeating, "Farmer Ray sent it

"But, mother, the letter! the letter!"

expressed Amy.

Now letters were rare visitors in that Western home, and the children, quite forgetful of dinner, crowded around their mother eagerly, as she opened the letter and read aloud:
"New York, Oct. 1, 1881."
"Why, how long it has been coming," said Mrs. Lane, interrupting her reading; she continued:
"DEAR MARY—I shall probably see you sooner than I expected. I can make part of the journey with friends by leaving here a week earlier than my original plan. If not detained, I shall arrive on the 13th."
"This very day!" murmured a chorus of voices.
"Don't try to meet me. The stage will take me from the depot to Wayne, and there I can easily get a conveyance to your house. With love to each one, your affectionate sister, Susan."
"O, mother, we must fly around and put things in order, and bake, and everything," said Bessie excitedly.
And at the table it was decided that Mr. Lane should go to Wayne that afternoon, exchange a tub of butter for sugar, tea and some other necessities, and bring "Aunt Susan" back if he found her.
There would be neither pies nor cake to set before the coming sister. A vision of what she might make if she only had the "where-withal" rose before Mrs. Lane's eyes; then she resolutely turned from it and went to work.
"Turkeys!" exclaimed Bessie, when after the rooms were in order she came to the kitchen. "But mother—" and she stopped.
"Ah! I know what you're thinking, Bessie. But there's a jar of jelly hidden away on the top shelf of the closet. I kept for emergencies. You can fill the jars just before tea. They will make the table look pretty."
It was dusk when Aunt Susan came, cheerful, beautiful, warmly-bent Aunt Susan! How she kissed "Sister Mary"! till both sisters laughed and cried hysterically! Then she tried to gather all the rest in her arms, but they were too much for her, and there was a grand confusion of hugs and kisses, which ended in Sue and Willie perching themselves upon her lap, and the rest keeping guard around.
Aunt Susan sat once became immensely popular with the little ones. She was so lively, so kind, and undeterred every one so well. She had nice talks with Bessie, went with Bert to feed the cattle, romped with Amy, helped Edwin with his lessons, told fairy stories to Willie, and made such a family of rag babies for little Sue that the child was in a ecstasy of delight.
But Aunt Susan quickly discovered the strained circumstances of the family, and noted the efforts made to conceal lack of money, and the anxiety about the future.
One afternoon she and Bessie strolled out into the fields together. They were gone hours, and Bessie never told even her mother what they talked about all that time. To be sure there was an unspoken redness about Bessie's eyes when she returned which would have made one think she had been crying, only she seemed so cheerful and happy otherwise that nobody ever thought of looking into her eyes to hunt for tears.
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along; I'm 'twor' for Farmer Ray," he

departed.

Bert gave a wild shout. All the children crowded around the barrel.
"What's in it?"
"Where's the hammer?"
"Oh, lo open it."
But the confusion of tongues ceased as Mr. Lane brought hammer and hatchet, and they watched with breathless interest the unheaving of the barrel.
"Oh! 'Ah! 'Let me see!" burst forth as the contents began to appear.
"Hush, children!" said Mr. Lane; "here's a letter for mother. Be quiet while she reads it. Here, Mary."
The letter was only this:
"A Thanksgiving remembrance from Susan and Ellen."
"There! I know it was from Aunt Susan," exclaimed Bessie.
"Aunt Ellen's rich, isn't she, mother?" asked Amy.
"Oh, do let's unpack it," said Bert, eagerly. "May I help, father?"
What a wonderful barrel that was. It seemed to the children as if one of the stories of the Arabian Nights had come true. As the packages were unrolled one after another, the contents were greeted with shouts of delight. Ah! Thanksgiving!

Suddenly his keen eyes fastened their

gaze upon the flag that floated over the

schooler's traffrail, its folds straightened out by the steadily blowing breeze from the northwest.
"What kind of a flag is that, I should like to know?" he said to himself. "It is strange to me; and I have been studying up on flags, too," continued the puzzled inspector.
It was the custom, as he knew, for the master of a vessel to take his manifest ashore to the custom house as soon as his vessel was made snug; and Sharp, knowing this, waited to see a boat put off from the schooner for that purpose. But he waited in vain. An hour passed, and no sign of shore-going. Finally he became suspicious. "There must be something wrong about this," he murmured, "and I'll just go and investigate."
He swung his substantial feet over the string-piece, arose upon them, and strode rapidly up the wharf to an apartment, where boxes were kept in waiting for the accommodation of those who cared to paddle around the harbor with or without a boatman.
Sharp selected a small, light, two-eyed craft, and pulled out toward the spacious wharf. Having learned the art of rowing on a little lake that adorned his native wilds, he made good progress, and was quickly alongside of the low-lying schooner. Hitting the boat's painter to the main chains, Sharp leaped lightly to the rail and thence to the deck. The sailors were scattered about singly and in groups; the deck was exquisitely clean, the running rigging lay in neat coils; two guns protruded their black muzzles on either side, and a bow-chaser of the swiftest sort stood grimly on the forecastle. While the ambitious inspector toiled there, looking around with unaccommodated eyes, and half bewildered, one of the sailors on the forecastle began to warble a sea song to a lively tune, and this was what he sung:
THE MARINE'S MARCH.
The Arkansas, a sloop of war,
Was awaying in the stream;
Her jibs of length showed grace and strength,
And spacious was her beam.
A jolly boat was put afloat,
And shoved off from the shore;
It bore a mate, a man of weight,
Who plied a pilan-ow.
Abe'n's mate, bluff, tough, and straight,
Tim Tepit was his name;
Trim built and eye, a fashon high,
From Ketteneb he came.
He stood stout, and sculled his craft,
Adown the obbing tide;
The bell struck three when Timothee
Went up the good ship's side.
Here the tuncful mariner stopped, and said, "Mates, there's a lot more verses in this ditty, and I'll give you some more when the next landlubber comes aboard," winking in the direction of Samuel.
Amid the rear of laughter which followed this lively rally, the young man walked aft to the quarter-deck. A good-looking man, of middle age, clad in spotless white linen, adorned with gilt buttons, etc., was pacing the starboard side of the deck. To him Sharp abruptly said:
"Are you the captain of this schooner?"
"Yes; what then?" was the curt reply.
"Then I must see your manifest."
"My what?" roared the man in white.
"Your manifest. It is the duty of every ship-master to take his manifest ashore to the custom house as soon as he comes to anchor. As you have not done this duty, sir, it becomes mine, as an inspector of the customs, to demand it," rejoined Samuel, with authority in his voice and dignity in his bearing.
The commander's face grew purple with rage and he shouted: "You miserable specimen of backward ignorance! you clear your eldnoopers! leave this vessel and be in a hurry in your going!"
Sharp turned pale at this outbreak, but he mustered enough courage to reply: "You shall be made to suffer for this." "Get out, you idiot, or I'll have you pitched overboard," cried the captain, with a menacing gesture. The inspector made a rapid retreat, jumped into his boat, east off the painter, and rowed hastily to the shore, boiling over with rage. Proceeding to the custom house, he learned that Col. C. Keon, having finished his routine for the day, had gone out to his country mansion, a few miles back of Old Haven. "I must see him to-day," and this schooner captain did with according to law," thought Samuel. So thinking he hurried to a lively stable, selected a lively horse and a light buggy, and drove out to the collector's residence as fast as his mettlesome charger could trot. Arriving there, he told his story, and received on inquiry in the collector to an unusually high degree.
They hurried to town together, in Sharp's hired buggy, and drove down to the end of Long Wharf.
"Where is the suspicious craft?" queried the collector.
"There she is, sir," pointing out the schooner.
Mr. Keon looked at the vessel, and then gazed at Samuel for a while in speechless amazement. When he found breath to speak, he said:
"What flag do you think that is, Mr. Sharp?"
"I haven't the slightest notion, sir; never saw it before in my life. It's a funny looking affair, with red and white stripes running up and down the wrong way, and that turkey buzzed up in the top corner, looking as though he would like to swallow some of the stars which make a ring around him," replied Samuel, with an attempt at facetiousness.
"And it is the master of that vessel who refused to show you his manifest?"
"Yes, sir, and in a very insolent manner, too."
The collector laughed outright. "Mr. Samuel Sharp, at present inspector of customs for the port of Old Haven," he said, "allow me to express my belief that you are too sharp for your position. You manifest more zeal than is called for. You have made a mistake of magnitude, young man."

The Strange Flag.

BY W. H. WHITE.

Author of "Hepe's Fruition," etc.

It was a bright, balmy afternoon in June, on the coast of Maine. On a promontory overlooking the sea, a young man stood beneath a spreading tree, gazing dreamily (he was half asleep) toward the eastern horizon.
The bright Atlantic broke sluggishly on the shining sands of the beach below; the sea was dotted with the canvas of sailing craft, and the smoke of occasional steamers drew black lines against the pale blue of the sky. Screaming sea-gulls were circling in the ambient air and diving for their daily fish. It was a pretty picture, and the young man seemed to like it; at any rate, there was an air of enjoyment about him—but this may have been as much the result of inner consciousness as of outer surroundings.

On the left, or northern side of the promontory, was a beautiful sheet of water, nearly landlocked. This was the harbor of Old Haven, a small town which lay compact and snug on the western end. Small as it was, Old Haven enjoyed the distinction of being a port of entry. It had its custom house, collector, and corps of inspectors, of which the young man, Samuel Sharp, was a newly-added member. There were a dozen or more sea-going vessels, steamers, and craft, ranging from ships to fore-and-aft schooners, at anchor in the harbor, and as many more at the wharves, while sloops and sail-boats were scattered about in all directions. Old Haven was, in truth, a lively little port.

Tired at last of watching the sea and its surroundings, young Sharp wended his way to the town, and sauntered to the end of its long wharf, where he took a seat on the string-piece, with his feet dangling over the water, and cast his inspectorial eye over the vessels in harbor.

Er. Long, his attention was attracted by the appearance of a long, low, black, rakish, top-sail schooner, which came dashing around the northeast point under full canvas, the wind abeam, and sailed in the star style to the middle of the harbor, where her opponent-sail and top-sail were clewed up and the vessel bogged gracefully to the wind, and the anchor dropped. Then the fore and main-sails were lowered, the stay-sails hauled down, and a crowd of blue-shirted sailors ran aloft and out on the bowsprit and jib-boom. In a few minutes every sail was snugly turtled, and the vessel made to look as "trim as a new pin."

Samuel gazed on these proceedings with much interest. He had never before witnessed a scene like this. His commission was not yet a week old; he had never seen salt water before his recent arrival in Old Haven, having passed every one of his twenty-five years amid the pastures and woods of an inland county near the Canadian border. Consequently he knew absolutely nothing of sea-going craft.

"In what way, sir," gasped the astounded

inspector.

"In going on board of that vessel and boarding that captain on his quarter-deck!"
"I—I don't understand, sir," stammered Samuel.
"Then I will enlighten you. That spotless white top-sail schooner is a revenue cutter; and I've your ensign hoisting over her traffrail is the flag of the United States Treasury Department, Good-bye, Mr. Samuel Sharp, inspector of customs for the port of Old Haven."
So saying, Col. Keon turned downward from the light buggy, lifted his hat ironically to Sharp, hailed a common horse boat which was about to put off to the cutter, and was speedily in the cat's paw of the "long, low, rakish, and suspicious-looking" top-sail schooner, where, with a bottle of Extra Dry between them, the collector and the captain enjoyed themselves hugely over the funny mistake of the over-zealous inspector.
The next day Samuel Sharp shipped as a forecastle hand for a three-year's whaling cruise in the South Pacific.—*Philomathean Review.*

THE WANDERINGS OF A NEEDLE.

Several years ago, Police Captain P. H. Lary, of Brooklyn, N. Y., unconsciously swallowed a needle. It lodged in his stomach, and for two years was a constant source of suffering. He was treated for dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, and other diseases, but the medicine did no good. Suddenly, after he had ceased to take medicine, the pain disappeared. Recently his ankle began to swell, and then it was mysteriously got well and the side of his left foot began to pain him. He treated the swelling as a burn, but the trouble did not cease. Inflammation followed and extended to his knee. A few days ago a physician, in making an examination, found the point of the needle protruding from the side of the foot, and he drew it out with a pair of pliers. Since then all pain has disappeared. The needle was covered with rust.

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